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J. W. BOWEN, Editor and Proprietor

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Selected Poetry.

Willow Whistles.

BY J. W. BOWEN.

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and-by, I think, and a faint

smile passed over his features.

"Papa has lots of work to be

done; he might give you some

if he only knew your name."

continued the maiden, sagaci-

ously.

"Thank you. My name is

Thomas Wilson, and I live on

the flats." He spoke

hesitatingly, and blushed as he

mentioned the name of the

poorest locality in town. Pres-

ently he looked up, but his

companion was gone, and was

now sitting on the piazza again

as quietly as if she had not

moved at all.

"That name drove her out

of the house, as he went on

with his load. "Well, I don't

wonder. It is a low place. But

she was kind; there are migh-

ty few girls would do what she

did."

That evening, while Emily

and her father were conversing

she trying to find out if he

knew anything of the Wil-

son family, and he wondering

what the "darling little" neigh-

bor across the way came in, and

shortly referred to the incident

of the afternoon, and added:

"It was good in you Emily,

very good; but they are rather

low people—these Wilsons."

They lived in Dayton before

they came here; in fact, the

old man died there. He was a

hard one, it is said, and drank

himself to death. I don't know,

but I shouldn't wonder if the

boy took after him, for he won't

work steady. I hired him the

first day he came here, and he

was off in the afternoon; and

the next morning he looked

pale, and his eyes were red. I

really don't believe he is of

much account."

Emily, who was very far

from sharing the caller's sus-

picious, was about to say that

other things than drink caused

pallor of the features and red-

ness of the eyes, but, thinking

that time used in argument is

generally thrown away, she

held her peace, and resolved

to ascertain the facts for her-

self.

Slipping quietly out of the

room, she assumed her habit,

and then ordered her pony sad-

dled. As it was nothing unus-

ual for her to ride on moon-

light nights, neither of her pa-

rents asked a question, and she

galloped away on her mission

undisturbed. Reaching the

flats—a place she had often

visited upon errands of mercy

—she dismounted and inquired

in what house Mr. Wilson lived.

The woman directed her,

with an ominous shake of the

head, and Emily, reflecting

upon the force of prejudice

among all classes, pursued her

way on foot, leading the pony

by the bridle.

The smallest, oldest and dirt-

iest of all the habitations on

the flats was the one which had

been pointed out to her. Hitch-

ing the pony to a staple in the

window-sill for there was no

other place, not a tree or shrub

growing in the vicinity—Emily

knocked upon the door and

waited with peculiar feelings

the answer. It soon came in

the person of Thomas, who, for

a moment, was rendered

speechless by surprise; then, in

a voice which revealed both

pain and mortification, he said:

"Will you come in? You will

find it a wretched place, but we

can't help it just now."

Emily made no reply, but

followed him into the house.

In the first room were a table,

three chairs, an old cooking-

stove, and an old-fashioned

wash-stand. In one of the

chairs, curled up asleep, was

a little girl of about five sum-

mers, her long, black hair fall-

ing over a thin, pale face, on

which tear-stains were yet visi-

ble. Thomas saw Emily glance

at the child, and he simply

said, "My sister." But there

was anguish in every accent.

"My mother is in the next

room—would you like to see

her?" he added presently. The

maiden inclined her head, and

followed him into the chamber,

where, upon a low cot bed, lay

a woman evidently in the last

stages of consumption, and her

eyes, large and black, gave to

her countenance a weird, al-

most frightful look. As Emily

entered, the invalid glanced up

on her inquiringly, and said:

"Curiosity is sometimes cre-

dulity. Why did you come?"

"With the hope of being met

as a friend," answered Emily,

with gentle reproof, at the same

time placing her hand on the

sufferer's brow.

"Forgive me, but there is so

much coldness in this world, so

little love. Oh! I remember

now, you are the young lady

who helped Tom this afternoon.